

September 2003

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Welcome back from the endless summer!

Can the fall be just around the corner? The Dolphins are back in action. College football Saturdays stir local loyalties and old memories. Go 'Canes! Kids are back in school and already coming home with the fund-raising wrapping paper and Christmas gift catalogues. The traffic is noticeably worse and election candidates are pounding the pavement. Yes, the fall is upon us, "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" and a host of Emerald Society activities.

By the way, did you miss us in August? Tell us that you did indeed!

The first great social of the season is set.

Bring all your summer vacation stories to the Wyndham Grand Bay, 2669 South Bayshore Drive in Coconut Grove. On Wednesday, September 24 at 6:30 p.m. we'll convene on the 2nd floor mezzanine. Happy hour prices for drinks.

This is a great location in the heart of the Grove overlooking Biscayne Bay. See you there!

That will be a good time to welcome new members,

Nancy McDermott and

Susan Dannelly,

Sponsored by Chuck Hearty.

Board Members The monthly Board meeting is scheduled for Thursday, October 2 at 6:30 p.m. at the Miami Yacht Club on Watson Island. Attendance of all Board members is expected. Dinner and drinks, as usual, will be available. Stick around after the meeting and enjoy good company by the water's edge under the stars.

All-Ireland Football Final Live

Join Chuck Hearty and Oliver Kerr, the boys from the County Armagh, at 10:30 on Sunday morning, September 28 at the Playwright Irish Pub & Restaurant, 1265 Washington Ave, Miami Beach. Help them and a host of assorted Irish men and women cheer on their county team competing for the second year running for the All Ireland Football title. Did we say "All Ireland?" Call it "Northern Ireland." Armagh and Tyrone are two Ulster neighbors going head to head in Dublin. And you know how it is with neighbors—no love lost! There is a \$20.00 cover. A great Irish breakfast is available and you might be able to catch an early or a late mass at St. Patrick's.

Poetry Corner

Each month the Shamrock News presents a poem by an Irish poet. This is a poem from Donegal written by a vicar's daughter, Elizabeth Shane. She was born somewhere in Ulster and sometime toward the end of the 19th century. She published several volumes of verses about West Donegal, and in particular, about the Irish-speaking parishes of Gweedore and the Rosses.

Generations of school children from Northern Ireland, including your editor, learned this in grade school, and it was recited at many a family gathering. We

thought it would be appropriate in back-to-school month. Get your Kleenex out, Mom! Read it aloud and cry again.

Wee Hughie

**He's gone to school, Wee Hughie,
An' him not four,
Sure I saw the fright was in him
When he left the door.**

**But he took a hand of Denny
An' a hand of Dan,
Wi' Joe's owld coat upon him—
Och, the poor wee man!**

**He cut the quarest figure,
More stout nor thin
An' trottin' right an' steady,
Wi' his toes turned in.**

**I watched him to the corner
O' the big turf stack,
An' the more his feet went forrit,
Still his head turned back.**

**He was looking, would I call him
Och, me heart was woe—
Sure it's lost I am without him,
But he be to go.**

**I followed to the turnin'
When he passed it by,
God help him, he was cryin'
And maybe so was I.**

Elizabeth Shane

Member's Submissions

You know you're Irish if . . .

You have no idea how to make a long story short.

Much of your food is boiled and called Irish Stew.

You spent a good portion of your childhood kneeling.

Your sisters are Catherine, Elizabeth, or Mary, and one is Catherine Mary Elizabeth.

There wasn't much difference between your last wake and your last keg party.

You slept in the same room as your three brothers.

You've had your nose broken in a fight.

Your parents were on a first name basis with everyone at the church and the local emergency room.

Submitted by Judi Sherry.

We welcome your submission of jokes, stories, old songs or wise sayings with an Irish flavor. Contact Mary Ann Fierro or Oliver Kerr.

Christmas Party Update

Tom Dunn, Chair of the Annual Christmas Party, is still looking for volunteers to help with all aspects of the party—Thursday, December 4, 2003 hopefully at the newly developed Parrot Jungle on Watson Island. Andy Cooney and Noel Ginnity head the entertainment lineup. Tom needs help with tickets, raffle prizes, decorations, hosts and hostesses, etc. Contact him at trfdunn@prodigy.net or 954-989-5054.

Here's a bonus poem for you this month, another of our favorites by Seamus Heaney. We featured his "The Railway Children" in the May newsletter. He lives in Dublin but was born in Northern Ireland in 1939. He received the Nobel Prize for poetry in 1995.

Follower

**My father worked with a horse plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts and the furrow.
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.**

**An expert. He would set the wing
And fit the bright steel pointed sock.
The sod rolling over without breaking.
At the headrig, with a single pluck**

**Of reins, the sweating team turned round
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.**

**I stumbled in his hobnailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back
Dipping and rising to his plod.**

**I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow
In his broad shadow round the farm.**

**I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.**

Seamus Heaney

Editors' Note

If you got a printed copy of this newsletter it's because we do not have your email address. If you have an email address please let us know and save time and money in our distribution. An added bonus will be your ability to see the photos and pictures in color that we hope to add in future editions. The printed copies will be black and white only for now.

We welcome your comments, questions, literary submissions, and praises or complaints. Letters of praise will be framed and hung on the wall. Complaints? Well . . .

**The Emerald Society, Inc.
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